

Good Morning

73

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Formerly a dancer, now a breaker-up of Scrap Metal.

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

"I WANT two 14in. guns and six 5.5 guns from Arundel for the Navy this month. It is here and I mean to get it." This was my greeting when I called at the Ministry of Works temporary headquarters for scrap and rubber salvage in West Sussex.

Locating Scrap

The Press agent (Miss Courlander) explained the system of a squad of mobile scrap-locators operating in this area.

"There are nine locators in this team," she said, "and their job is to search their respective areas for scrap, and to report the situation, together with the approximate weight and quality, to headquarters each day.

In a small room in an administration building I was introduced to the team, who, to my amazement, were all humming different tunes. Miss Courlander explained they were composing a signature tune.

Vaguely, I recognised lines from "Old Soldiers Never Die"

NOT SO TRUCULENT!

EXTRACT from a recent Patrol Report of H.M. Submarine "Truculent," received by "Good Morning" from the Office of Admiral (Submarines):—

"The submarine paper, 'Good Morning' was much appreciated by all.

"Had the author of 'How to Play Snooker' heard the arguments in the E.R.A.'s mess on this topic, he would have been both flattered and shocked.

"Others envied at times the performance and speed of the 'Nautilus' and the adventures of the gallant M. Aronnox."

"Thank you, 'Truculent.' Best wishes to all aboard, from some of whom we hope to receive suggestions or contributions.

"Don't forget it's your paper and we want you to help produce it. Good hunting and good luck.—EDITOR.

and "The Campbells are Coming." I volunteered that "A Tisket a Tasket" might be revised to suit their requirements.

These "Back-Room Girls" work sometimes 12 to 14 hours a day, making up to 50 calls, plodding over farmland and ducking under furnaces in foundries.

They are all volunteers; some married, some from shops and studios, and some have never worked before. Some have seen their names in neon lights, others are from the chorus, but all have one thing in common—they are doing a grand job of work. There is keen rivalry among the girls; nothing gives them greater pleasure than getting more than their teammates.

It is the proud boast of one that she secured a gasometer! Claims vary from tramcars to penny-farthing bicycles and railway lines.

Miss Wini Yates was an ambulance driver in Lambeth during the blitz period; now she is the youngest locator.

Arundel was the centre of their area on Friday, and I went with Wini. We first stopped at Clapham, where, at the village school, we saw a dump consisting of a kiddie-car, bedsteads, cycle wheels, paint pots and an oven.

The schoolmaster, Mr. G. Ingfield, told us there had already been two collections. The children search the Downs for scrap after school.

Last of a Fair

On the way to Houghton we discovered the remains of an amusement park. Wini estimated that about three tons of good quality metal was to be found in and around the fair-ground.

At another farm she exercised great technique in pacifying a hostile terrier. Here we had to tramp over three fields to find the farmer at work on a haystack.

I shuddered, lest she had designs on the newly painted threshing-machine.

The farmer, not apparently inclined to come down to talk to us, was, I think, a little surprised to see Wini climb the stack. I hope her laddered stockings will not kill her enthusiasm. I don't think it will; nothing seemed to unsettle her.

Even when, in a narrow track, we sent a cart into the ditch, her only remark was "More scrap."

UP THE ADMIRAL'S STAIRCASE A BOXER FOUND FILM FAME

LET us get back to Jack Johnson, whom we left out in the cold whilst indulging in a day-dream bringing back memories of Covent Garden; not the cabbages, but the kings of fisticuffs.

Johnson was entertained royally during his stay in Australia. They give a ready welcome out there to anyone who can shine at any particular sport, and I think it still stands that sport takes precedence over all else in the esteem of the average Aussie. After all, Johnson had shown himself to be a great fighter, and that was enough for the good sportsmen of Australia.

It can be said that Johnson's long suit was his wonderful defence. He would purposely adopt a flat-footed stance and make himself look awkward just to entice his opponents into making an unwise move.

Drawing the lead

He would always draw his opponent's leads, block the punch with ease, and get in a vicious counter-stroke. He could be as sprightly as a deer when it suited him, and, of

course, he was an uncanny judge of distance.

It was his boast that he could always make any opponent lead to him at the moment he wished. He was boasting thus in a well-crowded saloon bar one sunny afternoon when up shot a bewhiskered old gentleman, who said, "I will bet you whatever you like to name that you cannot make me lead to you."

Johnson grinned good-naturedly, and was about to imply that he was not a knocker-out of decrepit old gentlemen, when somebody whispered in his ear two magic words: "Larry Foley."

Why magic words? To an Australian fight merchant they were the open sesame to his heart. If ever a fighter was esteemed in Kangaroo Land it was Larry Foley, known to all as the father of Australian boxing. At the time of Jack Johnson's visit they might more truthfully have called him the great-grandfather of Australian boxing. He was 62 years of age, was a town councillor, and was worshipped as a hero.

Larry was one of the old knuckle-fighters. His ring career lasted from 1866 to 1888, and he had never been beaten. He had retired from the ring just a year before Johnson had abandoned his dustcart and engaged in his first contest. Yes, at the moment Foley said goodbye to the ring Johnson was earning his living as a dustman in his native town of Galveston, Texas.

The Challenge

Johnson was then at the height of his power. He weighed 15st., stood 6ft. 4in., and had just won the heavy-weight championship of the world from Tommy Burns without being forced to extend himself.

Small wonder that he grinned more broadly than ever when a medium-sized old gentleman with whiskers offered to bet him that he couldn't make him lead to him, even if he did own the name of Larry Foley, who stood 5ft. 8in. and weighed 10st. 7lbs.

"Make a ring, gentlemen," said Johnson. "I'm betting drinks all round the house that I make Mister Foley lead to me."

Never did a bunch of school-boys more readily make a ring for a couple of their pals to try to swipe each other off the earth. "Make a ring." The very words sound like sweet-music to the worshippers of the god of swat; and when the ring was being made for Jack Johnson and Larry Foley you may well imagine the feelings of ecstasy at that moment. He must have been a great poet who propounded that sublime piece of wisdom telling us that the joy of anticipation was far better than the consummation.

Here was a bout between two famous champions with never a blow delivered. Johnson grinned and tried all his tantalising tricks to trap the old warrior into leading a punch, but Larry could play the same game, although his years must have weighed heavily upon him.

Just as it looked as if sheer exhaustion would compel Foley to call a halt with all bets off, Johnson leaned on his rival's shoulder and in a husky stage-whisper asked, "Was your mother ever married to your father, Larry?"

Trapped

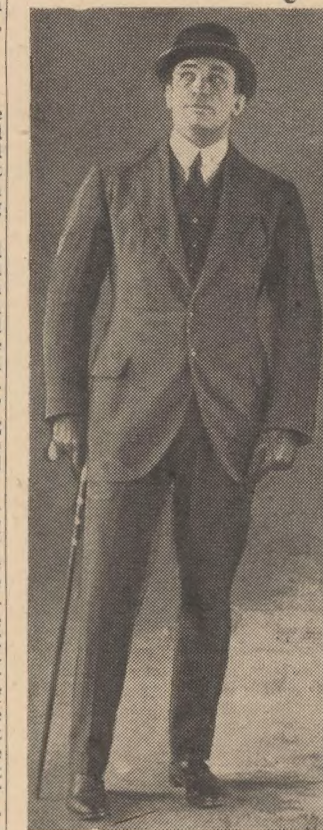
"Take that, you B.B.B.," shouted Foley, as he aimed a terrific swipe at the grinning dial, which wasn't there to connect it.

With a broader smile than ever, Johnson threw up his hands and said, "The drinks are on you, Larry." They were.

Shortly after this episode Johnson left Australia. Now, whom do you think had the pluck to tackle Johnson, the newly crowned king of the heavy-weights? If you don't know, the chances are you wouldn't hit the mark in a thousand guesses. It was our old friend Victor McLaglen. Not the Victor McLaglen, No. 1 Big Guy of Hollywood? Yes, sirs, it was that same Victor, only this time he was a game loser.

He went six rounds with Johnson at Vancouver and was not knocked out—a notable performance. This took place on March 10, 1909. McLaglen went on battling in various odd corners of the world, and if he didn't set the world on fire, it was not for the want of trying.

He might have agreed with Belinda, the barmaid, who said, "We don't earn much money, but we do see life." Victor, the son of a South African bishop, who, if memory serves, was a native of Dundalk, Ireland, appeared to have brothers enough to make a hefty football team. I think they were all over six feet tall. His brother Ken in particular was a decidedly useful boxer and a thorough sportsman.



Victor McLaglen in 1919.

McLaglen halted his wanderings for a time in London in 1914 and beat the Scottish heavy-weight champion Dan McGoldrick. Then came the war and Victor joined the Army. It was not long before he became a staff captain, and he finished up as Assistant Provost Marshal in Mesopotamia.

Not what he was

When he returned to London in 1919 his long absence from the ring, coupled with the demands which service in the East made on an athlete's constitution, had taken its toll. As a fighter he was only a shadow of

In this instalment of the "Golden Age of Boxing" the ring technique of Jack Johnson, and the opportunity that came to Victor McLaglen, are described by

W. H. MILLIER

the earlier days, and he was unable to help himself to any of the easy money that was to be had for the asking just after the last war.

I suppose we can take it for granted that he is now deservedly a man of wealth. Let me tell you how McLaglen climbed those time-honoured stairs, made from Admiral Russell's flagship, to fame and fortune.

This is the way of it: I was on my way out of the club one morning in company with Eugene Corri when we clashed in the vestibule with one of the big shots in the film world. After a short "Howdy, blokes," he explained in the manner of a man who had only ten seconds to live that he was looking for a hefty-looking cove to appear in a film. "The man I want needn't know anything at all, but he must be big and hefty."

At this moment Victor McLaglen was half-way up Admiral Russell's stairs, and I poked my friend 'Gene' in the ribs as I jerked my thumb stairwards, saying, "What about Victor? He's hefty enough."

"The very bloke," agreed 'Gene, and his radiant mug beamed a 1,000 kilowatt smile, for he knew that McLaglen was on his beam ends and was just casting about for anything in the shape of dough.

"Hi, Victor. Come down here for a second," shouted Corri. Now nearly on the top step, McLaglen stopped, explained that he had to see Mr. Bettinson, would we kindly wait? "Right-ho-ski," said the big shot, "let's adjourn for a tonic. Got time?" We had.

Looking for a job

What hopes had been carried up that staircase, maybe to be left behind in that long committee-room where the business of fixing the big matches was conducted? We knew, 'Gene and I, what had taken Victor McLaglen up the stairs to interview Peggy. He wanted a job and wanted it badly.

Bettinson liked McLaglen, as did everybody else who knew him, but he couldn't offer him anything in the shape of a contest, although he would not tell him that he was "all in," as m-dead he was in the big boxing sense.

It must have been with a heavy heart that Victor, like so many others before him, came down those stairs to join us. Would he accept the very small job which the film big shot had to offer him? Would a drowning man clutch at a straw? You bet, he would.

That, my hearties, was how Victor McLaglen started out on the road to Hollywood, and he has never looked back. May he never look back.

I know what I should do if I were in McLaglen's shoes and provided I had the bank balance he is said to have. I should find out where Admiral Russell's grand old staircase reposes and buy it to keep for ever and a day. It should last that long.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—35

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after the letters RNA, and make a word.
2. Mix up the words FAG and FIRE to make a long-legged animal.
3. Can you change WHEAT into BREAD, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: SALE into COST, WATCH into LYNCH, PRICE into CLOCK.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word ARITHMETICAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 34

1. EDUCATED.
2. CORNWALL.
3. CASE, BASE, BALE, TALE, TALK, TANK, BANK, BUNK.
FOOT, FOOL, POOL, POLL, POLE, ROLE, RULE.
SOAP, SLAP, CLAP, CHAP, CHOP, COOP, COOT, COST, CAST, CASH, WASH.
CLIP, CLAP, CLAN, PLAN, PLAY, PRAY, TRAY, TRAM.
4. Ton, Sit, Not, Tip, Cot, Pit, Sin, Pot, etc.
Most, Mint, Cost, Moot, Mist, Post, Tips, Spot, etc.

To-day's Brains Trust

SEATED round the discussion table to-day are a Canon of the Church of England, a Non-conformist Minister, a Schoolmaster who is also a churchwarden, and a Journalist, and they are to discuss the question:—

Should the "talkies" be employed in churches for religious instruction, so as to brighten up the services?

Minister: "The question does not state what kind of film it is proposed to show, nor whether it is intended for the adults, or only to provide a bright spot for the young people. If the idea is to supplement the ordinary adult church services with talkie films, I am inclined to think that something might be done. I should not favour

religious plays or works of fiction, however, but scenes in Bible lands."

Canon: "I think the whole idea is based on a misconception of what a church service ought to be. A church service is not meant to be a lesson in religious knowledge, but a period of worship. I do not believe that any sort of talkie film would aid the genuine worship of God. However instructive and valuable in itself, it would be a distraction from the whole object of assembling together, which is to commune with God in His own house. To supplement prayers, supplications, and hymns of praise, by films would be like supplementing a love episode with a text-book of physiology. The acquisition of material knowledge in that way and at that time would destroy the very thing it was intended to help."

Journalist: "It seems to me that if the beauty of organ music, as given in church voluntaries, helps in the contemplation of the Creator of beauty, beautiful pictures should be equally valuable. The great Italian painters recognised this and decorated their churches accordingly."

"A beautiful film is but the modern counterpart of the old, painted story-picture. To hear the words of the Almighty described in words is not nearly as impressive as to see them—or good representations of them. And what better, or more faithful, representations can be made than those produced by the motion camera? From contemplation of such pictures it should be no very great step to worship."

Schoolmaster: "The showing of films would be invaluable in the teaching of Scripture, but it is not the purpose of most churches to teach Scripture, but to instruct in morals by means of Scriptural illustrations. If, however, a film prefaced the service, as an organ voluntary frequently does, it might certainly help to put the congregation into a suitable frame of mind."

Minister: "I feel inclined to agree, but we should have to

By HERMAN MELVILLE

The valley was now before us; but instead of being conducted into its smiling bosom by the gradual descent of the deep watercourse we had thus far pursued, all our labours now appeared to have been rendered futile by its abrupt termination. But, bitterly disappointed, we did not entirely despair.

As it was now near sunset we determined to pass the night where we were, and on the morrow, refreshed by sleep, and by eating at one meal all our stock of food, to accomplish a descent into the valley, or perish in the attempt.

We laid ourselves down that night on a spot, the recollection of which still makes me shudder. A small table of rock which projected over the precipice on one side of the stream, and was drenched by the spray of the fall, sustained a huge trunk of a tree which must have been deposited there by some heavy freshet. It lay obliquely, with one end resting on the rock and the other supported by the side of the ravine. Against it we placed in a sloping direction a number of the half-decayed boughs

that were strewn about, and covering the whole with twigs and leaves, awaited the morning's light beneath such shelter as it afforded.

During the whole of this night the continual roaring of the cataract—the dismal moaning of the gale through the trees—the pattering of the rain, and the profound darkness, affected my spirits to a degree which nothing had ever before produced.

Wet, half-famished, and chilled to the heart with the dampness of the place, and nearly wild with the pain I endured, I fairly cowered down to the earth under this multiplication of hardships, and abandoned myself to frightful anticipations of evil; and my companion, whose spirit at last was a good deal broken, scarcely uttered a word during the whole night.

At length the day dawned upon us, and rising from our miserable pallet, we stretched our stiffened joints, and after eating all that remained of our bread, prepared for the last stage of our journey.

Who is it?

One of his enemies described him as "an honourable man." He conspired against and helped to assassinate an emperor. His wife committed suicide. He was visited by the ghost of his victim, and having been beaten in battle, killed himself. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

How to obtain the fruit which we felt convinced must grow near at hand was our first thought.

Typee or Happar? A frightful death at the hands of the fiercest of cannibals, or a kindly reception from a gentler race of savages? Which? But it was too late now to discuss a question which would so soon be answered.

The part of the valley in which we found ourselves appeared to be altogether uninhabited. An almost impenetrable thicket extended from side to side, without presenting a single plant affording the nourishment we had confidently calculated upon; and with this object, we followed the course of the stream, casting quick glances as we proceeded into the thick jungles on either hand.

My companion—to whose solicitations I had yielded in descending into the valley—now that the step was taken, began to manifest a degree of caution I had little expected from him. He proposed that in the event of our finding an adequate supply of fruit, we should remain in this unfrequented portion of the valley—where we should run little chance of being surprised

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



THEIR FRONT DOOR IS THE ROOF.

When a Pueblo Indian mother goes out to do the shopping of a morning she comes down a ladder. This time she is taking her family for a walk, and the youngest gets down by hanging around his mother's neck.

There is this to be said for the Pueblo Indians of Taos, New Mexico, they live in exactly the same way as their forefathers have done for centuries. Their houses are "built" the same way—rude adobe (mud hardened by the sun) walls, no furniture worth calling so, and timber from the bare trees of the scorched mountains. At night they haul up the ladder, and that keeps everybody at home. Nobody knows how old is the race. They were an old people when Cortez conquered Montezuma—and they don't mix.

by its occupants, whoever they might be—until sufficiently recruited to resume our journey; when laying in a store of food equal to our wants, we might easily regain the bay of Nukuheva, after the lapse of a sufficient interval to ensure the departure of our vessel.

I objected strongly to this proposition, plausible as it was, as the difficulties of the route would be almost insurmountable, unacquainted as we were with the general bearings of the country, and I reminded my companion of the hardships which we had already encountered in our uncertain wanderings; in a word, I said that since we had deemed it advisable to enter the valley, we ought manfully to face the consequences, whatever they might be; the more especially as I was convinced there was no alternative left us but to fall in with the natives at once, and boldly risk the reception they might give us: and that as to myself, I felt the necessity of rest and shelter, and

that until I had obtained them, I should be wholly unable to encounter such sufferings as we had lately passed through. To the justice of these observations Toby somewhat reluctantly assented.

Continued on Page 3.

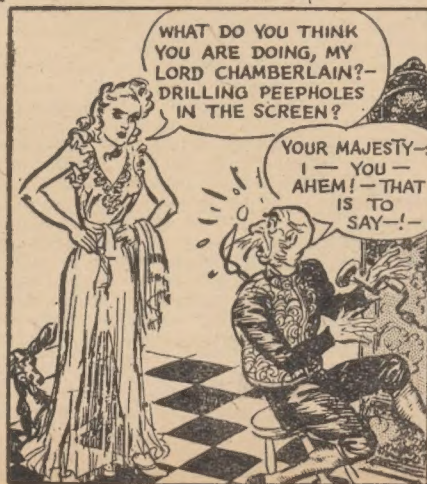
Answer to Quiz in No. 72

1. A triangular pyramid.
2. A wild plant from which drugs are prepared.
3. (a) Ruskin, (b) Conan Doyle.
4. (a) Alchemist, (b) Astrologer, (c) Apothecary.
5. A covey of partridges.
6. (a) 1½ barrels, (b) 54 gallons.
7. Commissioner.
8. U.S.A., 13½ miles up, in 1935.
9. Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet.
10. (a) A musical instrument, (b) part of a spider which spins the web.
11. Galileo, about 1600.
12. Daisy family.

QUIZ for today

1. The kangaroo is a: monotreme, marsupial, batrachian, insectivore?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Newcomes," (b) "The New Grub Street," (c) "The New Atlantis"?
3. One of these words is an "intruder"; which is it, and why? Cabbage, Cranberry, Corn, Claret, Caviare, Cod, Cauliflower.
4. Who first split the atom, and when?
5. How many seas can you think of which are named after colours?
6. What is (a) the longest chapter in the Bible, (b) the shortest?
7. What is a clepsidra?
8. Complete the quotation correctly: "All that ———— gold." Who first said it?
9. Who was Professor Moriarty?
10. How many sheets of paper are there in a ream?
11. In what year was Charles I beheaded?
12. Who painted the famous picture of the Last Supper?

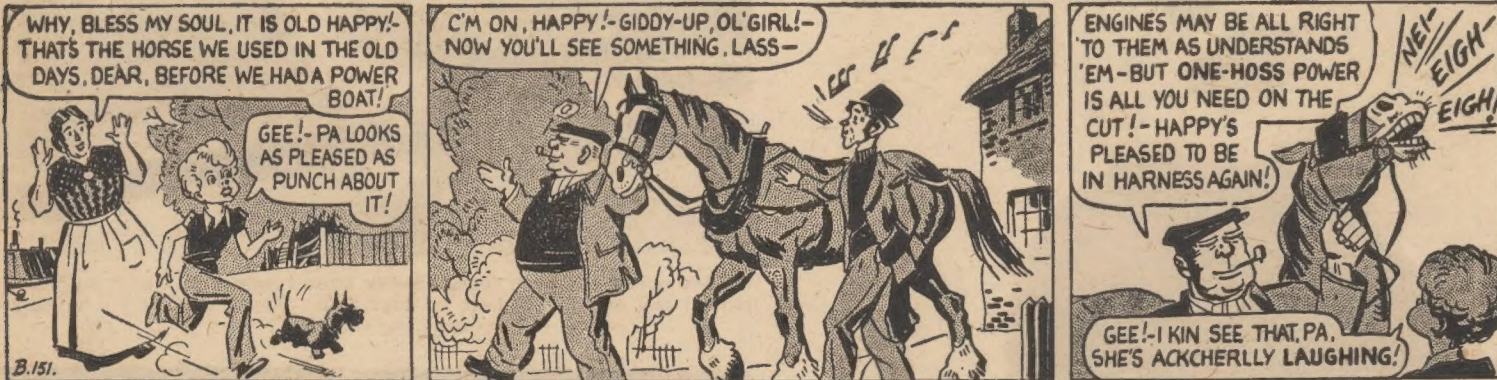
JANE



Beelzebub Jones



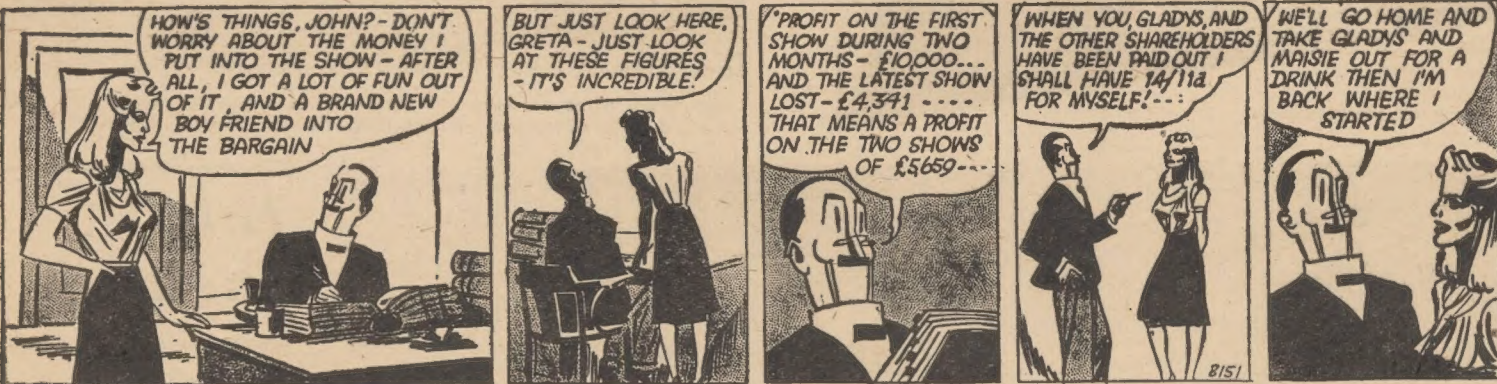
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



King with 100,000 descendants

By MARCUS DERINGER

AN American walked into the College of Arms the other day and asked, "Is it true that George Washington was descended from King John who signed Magna Charta?" Back came the answer, quite as direct, "Washington was not only descended from King John, but also from nine of the barons who signed Magna Charta. Portcullis Pursuivant worked out the pedigree."

They know everything about family trees at the College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street; or nearly everything. If you walk in and ask for a family tree they will have a shot at it; and ten to one they will find its roots and show you the branches. How many people can trace their descent farther back than their grandfather? Very few.

There is nothing like this College in the world. The officials go by strange names, and there are thirteen of them—Chapter, Garter King of Arms; Clarenceux, King of Arms; Norroy King of Arms. There are six Heralds, Lancaster, Chester, Somerset, York, Richmond, Windsor.

There are four Pursuivants, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, Portcullis, and Bluemantle. On State occasions these Pursuivants wear tabards made of damask. The Heralds wear tabards made of silk. The Kings of Arms have tabards of velvet. They don't wear these when they come to the office for their day's work. They wear, usually, black coats and striped trousers. In the old days these young men were Royal messengers and ambassadors to foreign rulers. One of their jobs was to go over a battlefield and identify the dead. They did that by the armorial bearings. Now they identify the living.

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS. I was told by one of them who deals in pedigrees that there are living to-day at least 10,000 descendants of Henry VII and about 100,000 of the descendants of Edward III. Families that came over from the Continent centuries ago can be traced. One of the oldest families in England to-day is the Ardens. Shakespeare's mother was an Arden. The science of heraldry arose from the habit of leaders in battle marking their shields with a device by which they could be distinguished. In 1484 Richard III incorporated the heralds into the Royal Household; and in the 16th and 17th centuries the heralds, acting as Royal Commissioners, went to foreign countries to scrutinise the coats of arms there.

HAVE YOU A CREST? Now, if you have the right to impress a coat of arms on your notepaper or emblazon it on the door of your car, that will cost you about £80. But any application must be addressed to the Earl Marshal of England, and he is the Duke of Norfolk. He is Earl Marshal by heredity. You "pray" for this. The design is a matter of agreement between the applicant and the College, and after every Honours List they are usually busy. Generally some attempt is made to connect the design with the position and fame of the applicant.

The arms of Admiral Beatty, for instance, showed an Admiral's flag in recognition of his profession. Some of the early designs of those who went to the Holy Land bore a palmer's cockle shell. Some bear an echo of the family name. The Lucys have a luce (pikefish), and the Scropes have a scrap or crab.

To-day's Brains Trust

Continued from Page 2.

last statement, but I do not think the person of the officiating priest important. It is his duty to efface himself, and for that reason he wears the clerical vestments and even disguises his voice by impersonal intonation. What is important is that there should be nothing present to the senses which does not assist in the direct worship of God, and I do not believe that a talkie film would give this assistance; or if it did, its power of assistance would be less than its power of distraction.

Journalist: "I do not think it need be a distraction. It might be so while the showing of films was a novelty, but that would soon wear off. Once the showing of films became the general rule, the accepted thing, there would be no distraction. Experiments in brightening up services by means of modern forms of entertainment have already been made, and on the whole they have been successful. For instance, at Staithes there is a church where—a few years ago

—the vicar employed a band consisting of a piano, an accordion, a mandoline, a xylophone, and a number of mouth-organs, one of which he played himself, and the results were gratifying."

Canon: "To whom? I should like to know what his Bishop had to say about it!"

Journalist: "Ah, that I am unable to say."

The question for the next session of the Brains Trust is, "Does private enterprise encourage, or prevent, the use of initiative?" Those taking part will include a Labour Minister, a well-known Capitalist, and representatives of various trades and professions.

Answer to Who is It? BRUTUS, in "Julius Caesar"

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

We were surprised that, after moving as far as we had along the valley, we should still meet with the same impervious thickets; and thinking that although the borders of the stream might be lined for some distance with them, yet beyond there might be more open ground, I requested Toby to keep a bright look-out upon one side, while I did the same on the other.

What furtive and anxious glances we cast into those dim-looking shades! With what apprehensions we proceeded, ignorant at what moment we might be greeted by the javelin of some ambushed savage! At last my companion paused, and directed my attention to a narrow opening in the foliage.

We struck into it, and it soon brought us by an indistinctly traced path to a comparatively clear space, at the farther end of which we descried a number of the trees, the native name of which is

"annuee," and which bear a most delicious fruit.

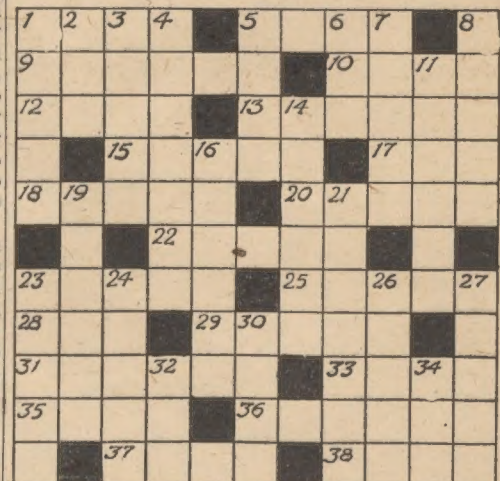
What a race! I hobbling over the ground like some decrepid wretch, and Toby leaping forward like a greyhound. He quickly cleared one of the trees on which there were two or three of the fruit, but to our chagrin they proved to be much decayed; the rinds partly opened by the birds, and their hearts half devoured. However, we quickly despatched them, and no ambrosia could have been more delicious.

We looked about us, uncertain whither to direct our steps, since the path we had so far followed appeared to be lost in the open space around us. At last we resolved to enter a grove near at hand, and had advanced a few rods, when, just upon its skirts, I picked up a slender bread-fruit shoot perfectly green, and with the tender bark freshly stripped from it. It was slippery with moisture, and appeared as if it had been but that moment thrown aside.

I said nothing, but merely held it up to Toby, who started at this undeniable evidence of the vicinity of the savages.

(Continued to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Shut noisily.
- 5 Caprice.
- 9 Futile respect.
- 10 Facial organ.
- 12 Recedes.
- 13 Declaimed.
- 15 Girl's name.
- 17 Space of time.
- 18 Number.
- 20 Language.
- 22 Swift.
- 23 Spurt.
- 25 Sins.
- 28 Drink.
- 29 Duck.
- 31 Defies.
- 33 Garden implement.
- 35 Whirl.
- 36 Second.
- 37 Dried up.
- 38 Stretched.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem

C COPPERS M
ROUGE MIAMI
INTERRUPTED
BITE O SING
SOL JUT RUE
NEGATIVES
M OBESE I
AREA LAWN
CENTRIFUGAL
ADIEU ARENA
W DEBATED Y

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Piece of paper.
- 2 Tennis shot.
- 3 Yellow fossil resin.
- 4 Overcomes.
- 5 Remained.
- 6 Hostel.
- 7 Vocal composition.
- 8 Vehicle for one.
- 11 Story.
- 14 United.
- 16 Inflamed.
- 19 Pulled.
- 21 Abbreviated announcements.
- 23 Children.
- 24 Peruses.
- 26 Cross.
- 27 Severe.
- 30 Alt.
- 32 Cereal.
- 34 Botanical Gardens.

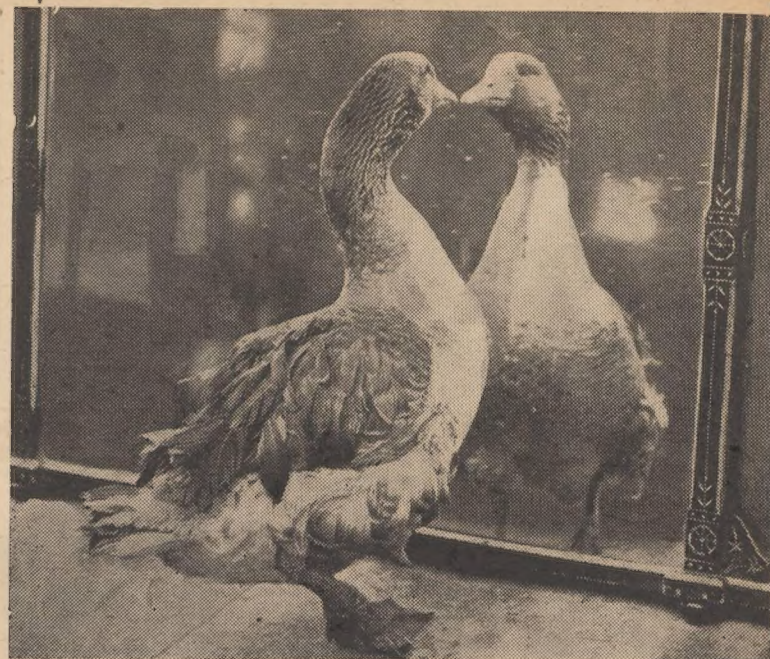
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



Betty Hutton's antics as a jitterbug-Jane in "The Fleet's In" hardly did full justice to her screen possibilities. As a lovely lady, this picture adds an underline. She has played roles in "Happy Go Lucky," and that other Paramount winner, "Star Spangled Rhythm." Note them for your leave diary.

Must look into this



"I see this handsome fellow every time I pass this way. And every time I tap on his window, he taps, too. Then, when I go round the back, he's GONE!"



"Gracious, what an ugly old bird — what a portly penguin!! Looks as if he's been fed on flat-fish without folding them up"



This England

And a beautiful taste of it, too for Gloucestershire, lads. It is a proud picture of Hill Farm, Duntisbourne Rouse, just on the border, but typical of this beautiful county.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

